

the tough guy  
issue.



**"I**  
want  
to see  
what's  
in the  
world.  
I want  
to see  
what's  
out  
there.

You must learn day by day

to broaden your horizons.

miss michigan fanzine : number four

I thought that since there's a typewriter in the room, and I'm traveling to exotic places,

that it'd be cool to type my intro. now--here it is!

I go back to school in a matter of a few days, and I'm looking forward to it, but

not completely. I can never feel things completely. I'm always ambivalent. apathetic or confi

again...? Actually, I think I'm getting better--if only I could go back to sleeping less

world". However drastically it is in the future... whatever that might entail. I have not a very bi.

big clue. I want to make the world a better place. But most of the time I don't know what CAN

make a difference. I feel like whatever I do has such a small impact that my time is better

spent doing something for myself so I might have a better idea of what WOULD help. (in a conditional ten

tense) I am always changing my opinions, seeing things in a different light, and I have no

problem with that. I get upset by people thinking that I suck because of this or thinking that they h

have more figured out than I do. they don't. WHY? HOW COULD I SAY SOMETHING SO FUCKING ARROGANT?

because I have contorted myself around for more than a few years seeking truth and growth and a

better way" I can be bitter and sad and melodramatic and lazy, but things are never boring.

just sitting here at Derek's house, I can say that my trip has been worthwhile, even though I

haven't seen any monuments and I'm in the capitol. oh fucking well, eh? I don't think I want to

see this much marble for another while... I like the quiet dorky town of east lansing, complete

with some friends and writing letters when I should be studying... oh well. I can be predictable in the sam

drinking tea and writing letters when I should be the happiest and most serene and maybe the

same way that I say I think is boring. I have been the happiest a lot, I feel even lonlier

sometimes because when you travel, you have to think so much about basic needs like food and drinks

and sleep, and everything seems so structured... you can't spend enough time and explore everything... you

you have to be content with the small, bite-sized chunks that you cram in your mouth before

returning back to what you knew before and what is easy. Also, I find that traveling-- how ever thrillin

it might be, you are tired so easily, and it's hard to take in so much in such a short time period...

like meeting new people the best, I think. Knowing someone else that you met in a far away place is nice

I feel cool and like I have a lot of power knowing all of the places that've explored-- however few

they are... I like the feeling that I've seen people go about their daily lives, and have had a small

impact on their environment... I like new scenery, but not too much. I like things simple.

Maybe that sounds weak, but I thought it was powerful to realize that about myself-- whenever I realize

into contact with... I cannot communicate very well, and learning about myself make a that

easier! I can then be a better friend and whatever else I try to do with my life. These are some thoug

not anything final-- just a laid back way of saying "hello! I've missed you." and tell you that

I DO feel restless and pent up when I'm not writing, which is too much of the time lately...

I want to interact and get ideas, and I understand that I might have to reach out farst, so that's

the way it is-- I depend on things so they can move me to do the same. we all depend on one

another-- we're all linked in a weird silly parasitic, but cool way... I don't know how THAT sounded,

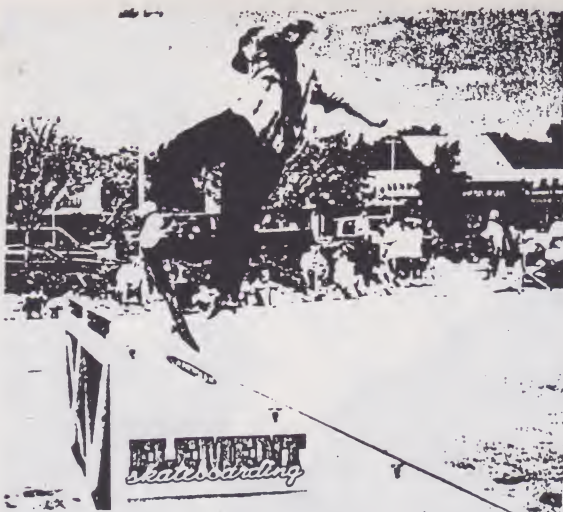
but I'll keep it as it goes along with my new love of EVERYTHING I say, no leaving the embarrassing shi

shi t out because I'm afraid, you can right me and tell me that you thought something was dopey, and I

will listen, but most likely I'll continue to write the way I wanna, because I like it like that...

introductions.





I think  
♥ that ♥  
it's  
important  
to support  
regular



kids who skate  
instead of always  
drooling over  
♥ pro's ...skating  
should be about fun.

new deal, element, and madcircle teams at metrotrend-- july 11th



photos by: Cimbery Hawk and Katie Gorell





still life

Most days I wear my walkman, but today i'm trying to observe them without music as a distraction. they have navy blue and brown on, the two favorite colors of old men in general. The floor has ridges to keep us from slipping. I always grab onto the metal bar when the bus is about to stop, and then say thank you to the driver and walk home. They bought some fruit at the market, and I can imagine them at home, making fruit salad for their wives or grandkids. i like them because they're real; practical; unashamed that they aren't the coolest. Actually, the guy in the horn-rimmed glasses is pretty suave. the bus driver lets me pay the youth fare, even though I'm almost 19. Thank you. It hasn't rained yet today, but I think it will later.

Mon 15.



**em·pa·thy** (èmpə-thē) *n.* Identification with and understanding of the thoughts or feelings of another. —**em·pa·thetic** (-thēt'ĭk), **em·path'ic** (-păth'ĭk) *adj.*

I don't know why I'm bothering to write this— my name has already been smeared beyond repair...What can I do? Plead with you to believe me instead of them? Point my finger in the same way? I'm wasting my time right now, but it's a natural response to be upset when "insecure little boys" act their insecurities out...I don't want to do the same things you do or even acknowledge you at this point, but I have to say that I'm disappointed. I expected more and got less than nothing. That's what I get for assuming that the worst wouldn't come true. How can I make everyone see that I'm not evil...I go through changes, as I freely admitted last time and the time before...I have to keep repeating myself to listen to my own voice...you'll never understand how much your pettiness has affected me. And I won't name names, because that would be in your style. My feelings are true and I'm trying as hard as I can and I don't give a fuck if you don't want to bother any more than to build yourself up through bullshit like namecalling and holier-than-thou shenanigans...but you sadden me.

You don't know me. Keep that in mind...

Have you ever heard a song called "cool shmool" by bratmobile?



## CURRENT

@ the house on McCourtie St.  
in K 212 m2 200.

← Current is a good band because they do a lot more than talk shit.

their music is incredible.



IN MEMORY  
OF  
A ONCE FLUID MAN  
GRAMMED AND DISTORTED  
BY  
THE CLASSICAL MESS

Coming Out-- It sucked!  
by: katie

I feel really funny writing this in my fanzine and calling it "coming out", but i still will, because that's basically what I did...I told the one person who matters most to me in the world that I'm bisexual, and wasn't at all prepared for how my news was accepted. She went into shock and then started crying. I never expected this from the mom that was so understanding for so many years, and so wonderful and supportive. Mom, I'm not **BLAMING** you-- that's actually more of what you're accusing me of, but I wish that you weren't such a product of your time. Why can't you see that homosexuality and bisexuality are completely natural, and don't imply perversion or baseness or immorality, the way you think they do. Why do I feel that you love me **CONDITIONALLY** when you've always tried to make it clear to me that you'll always love me. Why when you say that I'm still your daughter do you say that like you wish I wasn't. What can't you open your eyes a little wider and see that it's completely possible that I didn't **CHOOSE** this to hurt you or anyone else. I want you to understand **SO DESPERATELY**. I'm begging you to see that your upbringing didn't prepare you for the real world. Your Catholicism upsets me because you won't value me as much as a completely hetero daughter. Just when I thought it was safe and that you'd make an effort to understand me for who I am and not any label you surprise me with you pseudo-liberal values falling **SO** short. You, who I have cried on so many times, and have potty trained me and advised me and kept me out of trouble and have been an **example** of compassion have made me feel **SO ALONE**. I'm not really looking for a girlfriend or a boyfriend, and you don't have to worry about me getting **AIDS**, because I'm careful and monogamous and not a total slut, but I am now the black sheep because I brought up something that you can't deal with. You believe in fighting racism and sexism, but homophobia isn't the same, is it? Understanding that homosexuals and bisexuals are equally valuable and equally oppressed in our society doesn't matter. Not even when it's me. Mom, I love you so much, but this hurts like nothing else ever has. When I was a baby, you drove me through the Cass Corridor. In ninth grade we went to that gulf war demonstration and screamed together. You have always been on my side. Don't abandon me now or give me that cold shoulder, the way you've been doing these past few days. Dare to grow a little bit-- weren't you the one who told me that life is about constantly learning? Follow your own advice, **PLEASE**. You're killing me with your hate.

I hope that she changes her  
mindset; that would make me

SO  
happy...

Why is ~~meditation~~ <sup>meditation</sup> important?

Meditation is a very important and necessary function for one  
who wants to be happy and free from the miseries and anxieties  
of life.

the picture to the left is bruce lee's  
gravestone. I identify with his  
quote about himself a bunch.

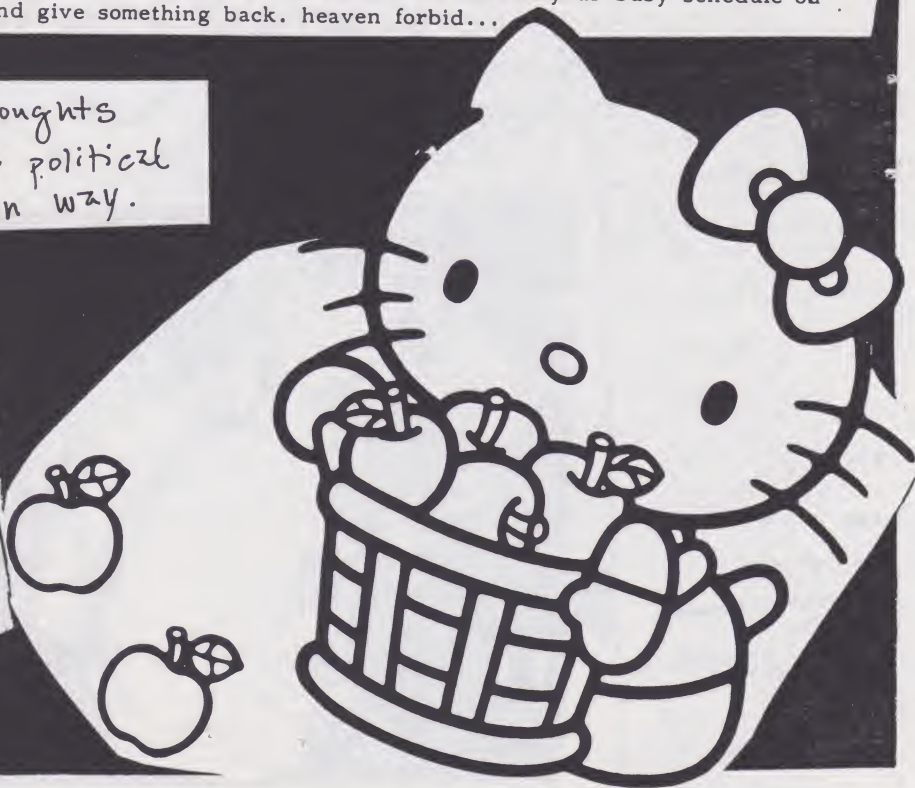
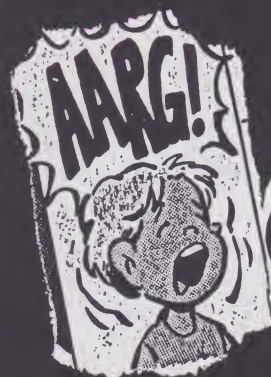
the thing below is what I wrote  
and put under my mom's door  
one morning. She never wants  
to talk about sexuality when it  
comes down to her daughter  
thinking women are beautiful...

sent to me by friend fellow boy Chris Zedgrow!  
fanzines!



world that'ds so torn apart and ripe with sadness. This morning I  
 I was watching the news, and listened to the nice anchorpeople lie to  
 me about the UN, the money market, and how fucking wonderful all this is--  
 and so vital to the "American Way"...free enterprise--it used to be my best friend--  
 I used to think that it was important to the freedom of the individualist...  
 I used to think that it was fair enough to the environment. now we'll all deal  
 with what big business has done to the world-- cheapened humanity. Economis fascis  
 under the guise of benevolence. whatever. Maybe developing countries don't really w  
 want to be like us, but they need our help so badly that they'll agree to  
 following in our footsteps of destruction and greed. sad... Is the autonomy and  
 self-respect lost worth the fringe benefits-- amenities and appliances? hunks  
 of metal that will lie in the ground when they are no longer of any use to us...  
 false "peace talks" don't make me puke...I don't know everything, but I don't  
 understand why so much money is squandered on CONTROL and OWNERSHIP.  
 we have no tradition left aside from 5 o'clock news, 3 meals a day, and  
 indoctrination in our schools. this is the way to success. this is success.  
 you want success. Really, I don't know if i really do, maybe I just want to  
 be free. and i don't know where else i can go. immaterial goods are way more  
 important. soory ayn, but it's not working any more--I'm not scred of losing my  
 individuality if I help other people or work with someone else. I wish you left  
 your insecurities when you decided to influence the world the way you did,,  
 We as in collective-- not we as in CONTROL. but that's the only way you  
 can imagine a "we" . For you there is no voluntary giving--only the concept of  
 taxes and the concept that money is power. that's why you are uncomfortable  
 giving money to the government. you are the 2 party system, you are afraid  
 of the identical enemy. And you should be scared, because if they win you  
 can't have it all-- you'll have to take out some time in your busy schedule of  
 plunder and give something back. heaven forbid...

some thoughts  
 that are political  
 in my own way.







Tiger 100

too bad you can't  
see Rudy in his  
boxers in this one.

very dynamic.  
yeah. I like  
watching these  
kids rock n' roll.

indie rocker fashion  
& p.i.z.z.e.s &  
but not pretentions.



shroomunion



this picture ♡  
was taken in  
the basement  
of the ♡  
hamtramck  
house

these people  
hwd an ♡  
awesome  
van!





photo by: A I K.

spend the night  
with the  
Master of Love Songs.

AVAIL



indian summer.

↑ picture by me - katie.





dayspring



bloodlet



8.11

The day that I would be seeing Guilt in Detroit, but I'm in Indianapolis instead, at Beth's house with Justin. We left last night from my house after going to good food co. to stock up on some provisions and say bye to my friends, because most of them work there...Next we took 696 to south 75 and took it longer than we thought it would to get there (8 hours with stops!!!) We stopped in Toledo and went to Meijer's, where I was once again mistaken for a boy. "Would you boys like some coffee?" Fuck you lady, I'm obviously a girl grumble grumble. Some people are just too socialized! :( Also, the Big Boy restaurant had a great statue of the boy in a kickboxing stance! It was rad, let me tell you! Justin discovered red pop, and likes it better flat because he like the taste of a sugary beverage that doesn't waste any time fizzing-- it just goes straight to his teeth and starts rotting them! hahahha. Paygo grape is better. I was glad to have my forest pillow with me, as it's always important to have a piece of home with you when you travel so you don't

get too lonely...Also, when you're riding the grayhound (like I was planning on doing home), you need it if you even want to take a nap-- the seats are rock hard sometimes! Question: Why do they make those air fresheners for truckers with women's asses on them? It makes me so fuckin' mad that women continue to sell themselves out in this way just for money...it causes the men looking at their images to think that it's okay to think of me in the same way, and it's just not, damnit! Not cool at all! So all of the redneck protectors of pornography reading this can both go to hell and stop reading this now, because this zine contains nothing pre-packaged to arouse them! I feel like it intrudes on my feelings of safety and autonomy to see this shit in an establishment where I stopped to buy a soda and make a phone call. I know that it's not my choice to make whether someone else buys that shit, but there's really no excuse for it..and no reason. if you want to masturbate, why don't you just use your imagination or just not think of someone who starves

herself and sells her body, probably not for enjoyment, but to survive or to get through college. Don't support that shit! I also don't want to hear the word "feminazi" or some such bullshit, and I don't want some asshole to bother to confront me about my views (though anyone is welcome to!) saying that it's art. No-- it's not. It's an industry that depends on low self-esteem in both women and men; those consuming and those portrayed. You can talk to me when you've walked down the street, looked at like a piece of meat and been undervalued by society because of your sex; then I'll listen to you...until then, shut the hell up! It really makes you sad to see the world differently than if you were a boy...sorry to ramble so much about the anti-porn thing earlier, but I thought that I should take a stand about it after seeing that crap-- I'm happy that I still have strong emotions about things that are important to me-- that means that I'm still alive. The shitty air fresheners were in

Muncie, a while from Indy...nothing else interesting happened before we arrived at Beth's aside from getting lost! When we finally arrived at her house, I felt silly because it was so late and I felt like I was imposing...but she made us feel at home :) It was way cool to meet her, because I haven't met very many cool girls lately ( I usually don't because there

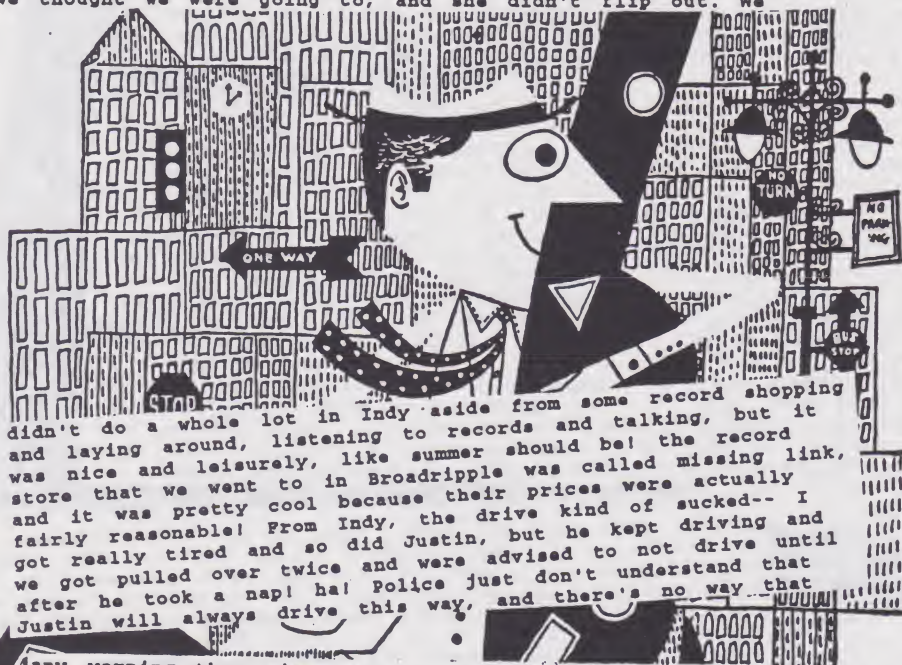
trip to indy and W.D.C.

turn the page, silly!



showed us the sit com, where she helps put on shows, and it was cool even though there was nothing going on at the time. I felt bad that I don't do as much as she does as far as putting on shows, because I really want to, it's just that I'll be so busy this year with all my projects, this thing, work, and all of my pen friends. She's also younger than me-- not that it matters, but I wish that I was doing stuff like she's doing now when I was younger-- I guess I was in a

way...I started this zine thing last year, and I was still 17, but I still feel like I'm getting old...I really respect her :) Most people don't give a shit about contributing back to the scene, and she does. cool. I love meeting nice kids traveling! The kids at Seth's house (Jay and the xphonexlinex boy) we nice too, and Seth :). hi! Beth's mom gets props for feeding us and putting up with us, as we stayed longer than we thought we were going to, and she didn't flip out. We



didn't do a whole lot in Indy aside from some record shopping and laying around, listening to records and talking, but it was nice and leisurely, like summer should be! the record store that we went to in Broadripple was called missing link, and it was pretty cool because their prices were actually fairly reasonable! From Indy, the drive kind of sucked-- I got really tired and so did Justin, but he kept driving and we got pulled over twice and were advised to not drive until after he took a nap! ha! Police just don't understand that Justin will always drive this way, and there's no way that

any warning they give can prevent him from driving like speed racer at all times! :) We ate some sandwiches that were made from our stockpile of food, and they were pretty good, but then again, almost anything tastes good on an empty stomach...I just have to say that natural cola kicks ass! We got lost again when we hit the beltway into dc (495 to 270?) but finally got downtown, called Derek, and got directions. the way dc is designed is so fucked-- it took me a few days

to figure out how they designed it, but I think I acquired a sense of direction after a few days...We missed the eggs/Lois show that was the night before, but that's okay...We got there just in time the next day to see a rad show though! :U.O.A., maximillian colby, plunger, and one more band whose name I forgot, oh, and lync of course!!! hi lync! I had so much fun because there was no attitude and everyone was friendly that I talked to anyway. It was nice to see Fred too-- his hair looked really nice and it was cool that he was all surprised! :) I also met Beth's penpal Jeff, who does this zine elevation, and was rad too. hi! Justin and I both dyed our hair black, and looked really suave...It seems like

continued on a later page!







THIS IS YOUR OBLIGATION

I know that when I get old I'll be like that too- eccentric and into gardening....I find comfort that these people are still so full of life when they can't run and jump like I can, and don't go to shows or anything- what keeps them going? I wonder, but I don't really have time to ask because I have to ring up other people...I think that they must have lots of relatives who care about them and play bingo! The one thing that really gets to me though is that sometimes I wonder if I'm wasting my time there- I need money now and I need to save money for the fall and all that, but I wonder if people need all the stuff we sell- for instance, strawberry hullers. Who the fuck can't yank out the green part in the middle?! It's ridiculous- all of the useless conveniences we sell to people too lazy to just work a LITTLE BIT. We have separate appliances to cook just eggs- we have things to hold corn on the cob when you eat it so you don't get margarine on your hands! Who cares!!! It seems so sterile to me- it seems to take the soul and messiness out of kitchen excursions...and that's not good at all. Why do people need to buy separate radios for in the shower?! On one hand, I say Whatever makes you happy. , but on the other hand, those useless hunks of plastic won't get recycled, and they'll sit around people's houses gathering dust. The saddest thing is when people come in who have nobody else to talk to- they talk to me until there's a line waiting sometimes...go to a store and buy something to find communication and inner peace- I don't think so. It seems like some of the customers actually think that the things we sell will improve their lives. Sorry, but that's a lie. More conveniences only make you more alienated. I don't hate these people for asking me to put their one item in a bag, but I feel sad- that kind of lazy careless attitude is the mark of desperation, and I see it all day long. I see people into the exact texture of their house paint- people into getting all the different drill bits for their power tools. People buying candy and hunks of metal...I know that you're about sick of this vein and you want me to grow up- just do it, bite the bullet, assimilate yourself into the work force, don't be a baby. I will be a baby, because I think that my melodrama is my own personal way of learning about a situation and getting the most out of the experience. Not that I want to say that I have it so rough- not at all, because I admit that it's not that way. Still,

TO ACE HARDWARE AND  
TO YOUR FELLOW WORKERS

2001



what does it matter if I'm at home watching the Ricki Lake show or Saved by the Bell or reading a zine or cooking broccoli- you can learn something from the most simple things. That's why I try not to complain too much about working for minimum wage...I know that after this one, I'll probably have another job that I hate, but I need to have money for something. That's life. Like that stupid saying- If life hands you lemons, make lemonade. ?

"the  
13th  
curse"  
Brad  
23  
calls  
it...

Katie,

Please work on this - it is causing a lot of grumbling from your fellow workers and is not taken lightly by your employers either. Everyday when you step out on the store floor - look at the clock - are you ON TIME ?

scene politics?

I get so pissed off when I come to shows and you look at me like I'm not good enough for you. I wrote about this last issue, so I'll try not to repeat myself, but the arrogance that I see all around me in hardcore is something that upsets me personally...I feel like you're taking my favorite music and making it into your youth culture. Don't you dare call me fickle or fake or a liar if you can't even bother to understand why your elitism blocks all communication. You are NOT perfect-- how many times do I have to say that? I'm the same person I was when you had nothing against me, but now I'm not COOL anymore, so I must suck, right?! WRONG. I'm the mack, and I'm putting on a show on 7/29 to

show you that I can do anything you can do-- if you doubt me, but mostly to celebrate that hardcore is something for us to share, and nobody needs to be left out of the planning. I was so impressed when I first discovered this thing because it leaves room and encourages individual contribution-- it depends on that to keep going and growing. So don't discount my contributions, because they are equally as valuable as yours-- no matter what you've been told...do something to express yourself and you benefit yourself as well as all the people you meet in the process. don't be afraid not to be king or queen of the scene, because I know firsthand that all of that is bullshit...

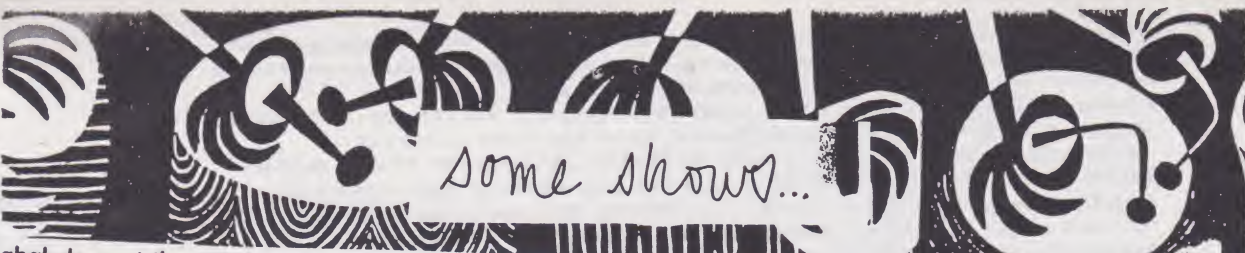
sorry to put  
such different  
ideas on  
the same  
page,  
but

H

W

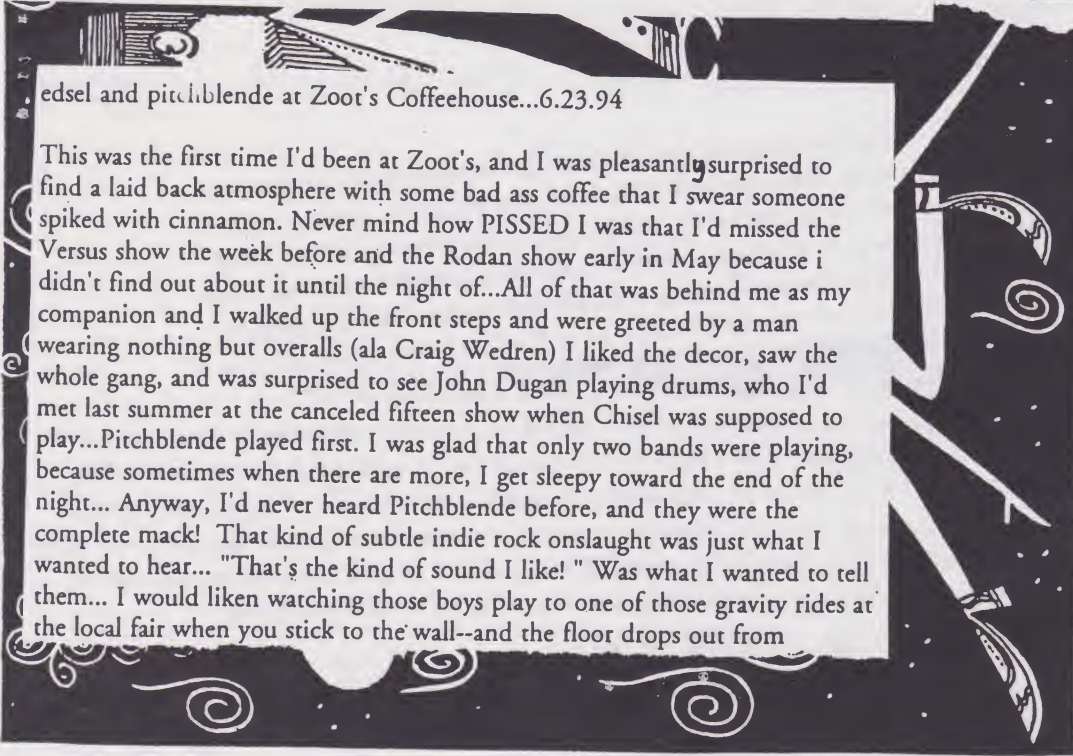
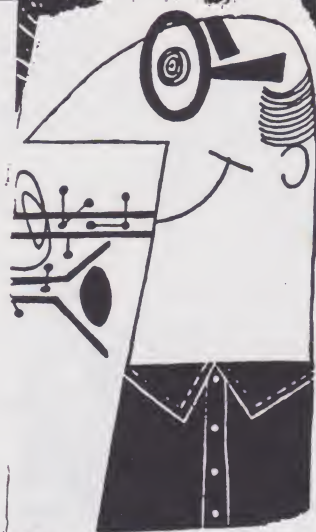
thought  
that  
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should  
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page,  
so  
suffer! ☹





## Some shows...

abal show at the cross street station in ypsilanti sometime last month... his was my second time seeing cabal, and I have to say that their shit is very melodic! They're fun to watch-- kinda like sea monkeys or something...The atmosphere wasn't the best-- it was in a bar, but I got to hang with the cabal ruppies and drink faygo redpop and almost kill myself on the evil tandem bike of 12...I like their new song-- I'll give you cancer...I haven't seen them enough times to be a seasoned veteran, but I'd have to say that I had fun that night, even though the evening ended at the hospital...I was horsing around outside on cross street, and Andy dropped me when I jumped on him...bad idea in retrospect, but I was in a bouncing mood that night, and he happened to get pounced on. Sometimes I turn to tigger? Another thing worth mentioning is that Kate beat me all 3 times we played air hockey-- this was surprising, since I know I'm better than her!!! (hahaha) Well, I want a rematch! I'm really glad that I didn't get a concussion, though I might've become a little slower since this incident? I on't think I'd change the night though...that sounds rearded, but I doubt that I would've talked to Randy for 3 hours in another situation, and it was worth falling on my head to meet a new friend..is this karma in effect? Everything was weird, but maybe it was all cabal's fault. no. I'm just a goof!



Chisel and pitchblende at Zoor's Coffeehouse...6.23.94

This was the first time I'd been at Zoor's, and I was pleasantly surprised to find a laid back atmosphere with some bad ass coffee that I swear someone spiked with cinnamon. Never mind how PISSED I was that I'd missed the Versus show the week before and the Rodan show early in May because I didn't find out about it until the night of...All of that was behind me as my companion and I walked up the front steps and were greeted by a man wearing nothing but overalls (ala Craig Wedren) I liked the decor, saw the whole gang, and was surprised to see John Dugan playing drums, who I'd met last summer at the canceled fifteen show when Chisel was supposed to play...Pitchblende played first. I was glad that only two bands were playing, because sometimes when there are more, I get sleepy toward the end of the night... Anyway, I'd never heard Pitchblende before, and they were the complete mack! That kind of subtle indie rock onslaught was just what I wanted to hear... "That's the kind of sound I like!" Was what I wanted to tell them... I would like watching those boys play to one of those gravity rides at the local fair when you stick to the wall--and the floor drops out from

# Improvising



A vertical row of ten hand-drawn hearts, each with a small arrow pointing to the right, arranged in a column.



falling forward  
hand me down

hand me down

CD-5444 U.S. / 51244 WRD.

T-SHIRTS-\$10<sup>00</sup> U.S. / \$12<sup>00</sup> WRLD.

# New 10" song CD

**from INITIAL RECORDS.**

2d policy: I only put ads in for records / likes that I personally support.



Contains small parts which may present a choking hazard to children under three.

# TRANSFORMERS

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE™

## GENERATION 2

770 34  
METALIZED PARTS

7.27.94 1:30 am

You'd never been to meijer's before tonight.

In New York, you can't ride Sandy for a penny or stare but candy heavily as easily. We renewed our zest for a certain childhood toy...

I didn't know that they still made transformers, and it made me so happy to see them next to those winnie-the-toys... I'm not sure if we'd be autobots or decepticons though -- what do you think? We'd kick ass though!

HUBCAP™

8003

CONVERTS FROM MINICAR TO ROBOT AND BACK!



# nailed to the x...

This page is dedicated to my tattoo. I got it because I'm proud of my beliefs and I know that they're for life. Someone asked me

what I'll do when I'm an old woman with an X on her leg. Well.. I'll be the same person. I

might not still listen to hardcore, but being poison free is something important to me, and I claim the

rights over my body. I'm in control of my decisions. I'm happy this way, and I don't care if you think I'm silly... this is for me; about my struggles, achievements, and growth. This is far from the end, but somewhere along

the way it's nice to re-affirm your basic values. and that's why; okay?



♡ Sinkhole / cabal 7/29/94 ♡

okay -- this little snippet is about the show that I put on at the Trumbull Theatre. 8 people showed up. I charged \$4, so I brought in \$32. That money went to Sinkhole, because they're on tour. I felt terrible that I couldn't give any money to either Cabal or the Trumbull House... as they need to get their roof fixed and owe a lot of money... Anyway, I lost the PA money, and have to pay Hilary back for her share of the PA \$.. (I couldn't have even rented it without you.. thanks! ♡(U)) I'll talk about how much fun we

had anyway... There was no pretense or attitude at all, because there was nobody to impress! We just enjoyed the music, each others company, and the tempen whole wheat pasta/rice dream feast courtesy of the good food co. (U) I thought the experience was worthwhile because I got to see how simple it is to do this. I feel successful even though I guess the show failed. I was actually glad that it was so small - Yeah! (U)

picture by: Al K. Thanks!



Most of the old New Orleans jazz musicians played directly from memory of long-familiar melodies and rhythms. I heard all their French, Spanish

underneath you, but somehow you know everything will be okay. My companion and I smiled at one another intermittently during their set, an all-knowing smile that seemed to suggest --WOW-- can those dc kids change time! huh? We aren't ashamed to admit that we like the poppy shit :) I felt at once depleted and woozy and revved up. Yum. Next were Edsel, who were also excellent, but in their own way. damn! I was the dork who screamed when Sohrab announced that they would play fuelcloud :). I've listened to the Strange Loop cd so much this past year at school while writing papers and lounging... I only wished that they'd played more songs from that. Oh well. I'm not complaining! :) I looked forward to this all day laboring at the hardware store, because it had been a long time since I'd actually gotten into the whole SHOW deal .... I was secretly hoping that Eli Janney would be there. But that's okay, the rain was even kind of romantic...

wise—to play a piece differently, composing as they went along. It's between the musical phrases, and the sliding notes called glissandos to suit a way a person felt at each different playing. It was no fun playing exactly the same thing over over, each time just the same way. When you felt very happy, you

more shows.

6/25/94 Phoenix Plaza Super Show? Okay-- so far there have been no major disasters. I took the 470 bus to the Royal Oak Transit Station, and from there took the 450 Woodward Local to Pontiac...nOw I'm in this weird music/ coffeehouse called discafe, drinking a large coffee that the lady there tried to charge me \$2 for, but there are free refills, so I chose the small and saved myself a dollar...I needed it for the afternoon. I came prepared-- soy milk, fig bars, and spirulina treats, and people made fun of my superior spirulina hookup, and were then jealous when they tasted the goodness...hahahaha. I had no idea who was playing first, but the show was postponed 2 hours on account of the terrible weather. A thousand million kids and I waited outside for that long, and I ran into Rachel, Lamar, and some other E. LaFising geeks. And I couldn't forget the ex-Play it Again employee and the denny's regulars and my preschool friend, whom I've known since the seventies! They were all acting the fool there in the parking lot, and I was glad that I came alone so I could explore and not diss anyone. I remember coming here to see

Fugazi at the beginning of last school year...I hated seeing them in such a big place-- at least Slant 6 played! :) The one thing that gets props about that venue is the large patches of grass-- but that's about it. I think I was wary of the experience from the very get-go because STUPID 89X NEVER PLAYS ANY OF THE BANDS THERE BESIDES AFGHAN WHIGS AND BECK! Now that we've taken care of some of the hostility, I'll try to begin to recount the events that transpired from 3pm to about 12:30, when the show ended, but I cannot guarantee chronological order, so chill... Kristy can do the neatest flips and other bodily contortions-- I can only do somersaults, but it was fun romping with her and making fun of about everyone...:) Ben can give good hugs, but i secretly suspect that he planned his outfit so he could be the most typical person there. hahahahaha again. just kidding-- honestly I'm not making fun of you--this was a compliment-- we have them all fooled :) :P. Of all of the bands, I think truman's water was probably one of the best (tied 3-ways w/Superchunk and polvo).





they were the skewed low-riff I'd never seen or heard them before, and I was delighted. :) I liked their style because they had no bass player-- I just can't stand the way a lot of bass players swivel their hips like their humping-- simply intolerable! ew! Sponge-- speaking of YUCK were trying to pick up on that grunge thing, and did a really bad job at even that...I laughed at all the people wearing the stickers that they were giving away free before they played-- probably because that's the only way someone would wear their sticker-- if they'd never heard them before! Okay-- sorry to be so judgemental, but it's hard to keep a positive attitude in an atmosphere like that! But while I'm bitching, I'll tell you all how crappy the Odds were! Damn--they should try to get a deal doing a beer commercial, because they could make tons of money! I didn't get up close, but I wouldn't be surprised if they had long hair-- but only in the back! Scrawl were great, and they played Tell Me Now, Boy! I love that song-- actually,

they played some stuff that I'd never heard, but I'd never seen them before either, and it was nice because nobody really got groupy-ish with them...(this refers to the situation of Beck being stalked by every kid in the place...poor man!) Polvo were late, and only played a few songs, but they JAMMED. I was secretly hoping that they'd play Colonial Arms, but they didn't...That's okay. I think that if you took the boy from The Jungle Book and cut his hair, you'd have the Polvo singer--CUTE! :P Superchunk played after them, and played the old classics--seed toss, that one really neat song

from On The Mouth where Mac yells: "It was a robin's egg, and it was blue..." yeah! and cast iron--if only they played throweings things...I'll forgive them though, because by the time they were done, I was dizzy and sweaty from all that crazy dancing. You can only share an experience like that with those who understand the obsession-- thanks Brad, Monday, and the other indie rockers present. Afghan Whigs were uninspiring in such a big place, and played no songs from the Uptown Avondale ep--bummer. Not bad, but not mind blowing in the least. Greg Dulli was also cuter with long hair-- not that it matters, but this is my zine, and my opinions are what count! :) I wished that they blew off this show and only played a show at Zoot's--unannounced. That would have been much more fun. Beck actually played before the Whigs, but I'll talk about him last-- he's a cultural phenomenon. That's it, but nobody wants to agree with me on this-- they see only the hooligan singing Loser, not the true folkmaster of the 90's. :) I think it's cool to fool a bunch of people into buying a folk album by luring them in with some poppy bait. ahahahahaha. The bombpops were damn good too. I just wished this thing wasn't all day. Cut out the crap bands and we could have gone home earlier...Then again, I don't run the "alternative" radio station.

I mad ups, boo yaa, or aw yeah--these things make me GO! getting packages from grand haven (thanks tj!), trust, getting twice the stamps from the machine at the post office because someone made a mistake, morning coffee, minnie mouse band-aids, bike rides, apples, kinko's, pen friends, comp tapes from people with great taste, the sun, rice dream sandwiches, curry, sleeping in, staying out late, communication, hugs, finding out that nothing's wrong with your record player, j church, mail, broccoli and rice, lounging, skating with the girl pos (cimbery & I), still not giving up on those kickflips, not getting a ticket for driving to ann arbor in a car that belongs to my mom that has no insurance!, making your friends listen to 6 feet deep! (thanks matt!)...I guess I like simple things because that's how I like to live. Sometimes I think I don't like so many things in the world, and that I'm a cynic, but I just have high standards...there's a difference, n'est-ce pas?



sensitive emo section.

This is making me sad in a way-- I feel like i'm getting old. I still have no clue, waste any creative urge I have on slacking, and feel lonely even though I have a lot of great pals to support me and talk to-- I think...

I've always, ever since I was really little-- had this image of what summer should be like...goofing off, hanging out with friends, not ever missing school...LEISURE. I can't really relax though-- I'm constantly thinking about something that stresses me out-- it could be something as simple as being 5 minutes late to work or it could be a fight i had with my brother about something stupid or the fact that I can't listen to my new j church record because it skips...I don't know what it is, but sometimes i wonder what keeps me going-- keeps me thinking that everything will be okay and that all of these problems will one by one clear up-- like some zits or something a few years ago-- that's just it too-- i didn't even have really bad skin, but i lived like i thought I did. and it wasn't very good. no. I miss kate-- she's in new york, and we can't sit around eating wheatables or watchig stand by me...

I wouldn't say that I'm depressed at all, because I just am not--it's something bigger and more vague--and it's been here for a long time did i create this to make conversation? Do you feel the same way?

I can't get mad anymore, because I am not tough. I have gone through enough to be a little more tolerant and a little bit more streetmart.

I understand why now, and everything seems to fit together logically. It doesn't mean that I LIKE it though. I wish I could change a lot of things, but when it's all done, all i have is myself--I remember saying this before, but i think that self-reliance is the most important thing

this summer has taught me....that and that keeping promises and trying to stay focused are harder than I want to admit--I distract myself constantly, and can't ever seem to do what i want to do--but

then again, the purpose is the journey, not at some high place on the way. that's something i learned a long time ago in a prayer

book in temple. in the part of the service at the end --right before kaddish--yeah-- I'm not the most religious person in the conventional sense, but I'd say that I definitely agree that each day is a prayer--

a commitment to the actions that you complete or don't complete-- a statement in time. something that you can have new each sunrise. so remember

that when your alarm goes off in the morning-- you can either have a journey that you control by personal momentum, or you can have a life controlled

by looking above and beyond and miss all the cute bugs on the forest floor...the excellent is in the ordinary. appreciate life.

Are you in a *dead end* relationship or in a relationship of *convenience*?

Are you *tired* of meeting people, who in the beginning say that they are everything you want, then you find out within six months or a year, that they are a *totally different person*?

Are you *tired* of trying to figure out where *quality* people go to meet one another?

Are you *tired* of joining all the different types of *clubs*, in the hopes of meeting that

*special person* - and all you have done is *spent* a lot of *money* and *wasted your time*?

Are you *too busy* and/or do not like the *bar scene*, but would really like to find that

*special person*?

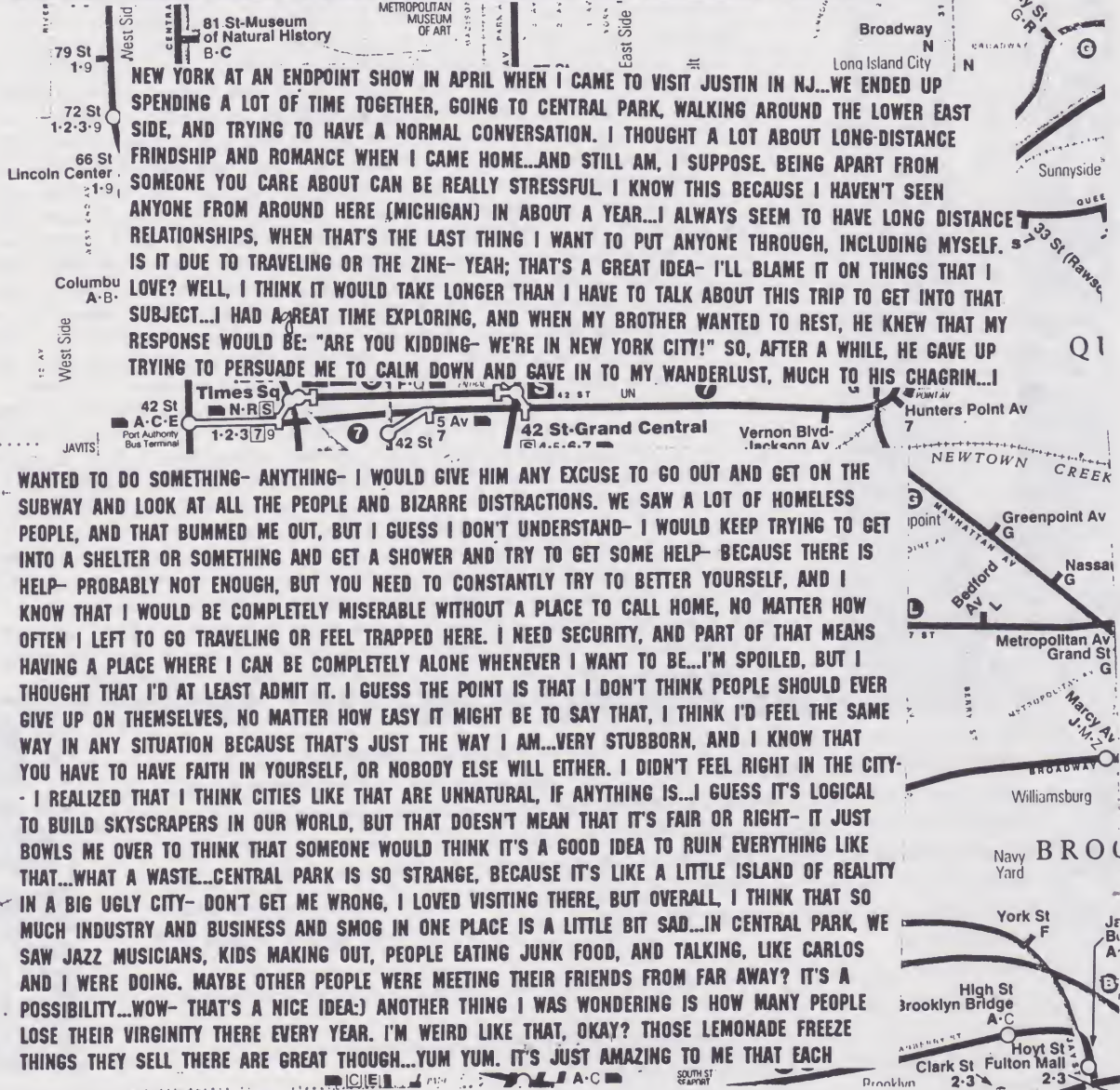
Are you *tired* of having your *intelligence insulted* by the games you have to play to meet someone *special*?

Are you *tired* of meeting men/women whom you *fall in love* with and then *discover* that you are not the only one in his/her life?

Do you feel *unsafe* with the conventional methods of meeting people?



WANTED TO DO SOMETHING- ANYTHING- I WOULD GIVE HIM ANY EXCUSE TO GO OUT AND GET ON THE SUBWAY AND LOOK AT ALL THE PEOPLE AND BIZARRE DISTRACTIONS. WE SAW A LOT OF HOMELESS PEOPLE, AND THAT BUMMED ME OUT, BUT I GUESS I DON'T UNDERSTAND- I WOULD KEEP TRYING TO GET INTO A SHELTER OR SOMETHING AND GET A SHOWER AND TRY TO GET SOME HELP- BECAUSE THERE IS HELP- PROBABLY NOT ENOUGH, BUT YOU NEED TO CONSTANTLY TRY TO BETTER YOURSELF, AND I KNOW THAT I WOULD BE COMPLETELY MISERABLE WITHOUT A PLACE TO CALL HOME, NO MATTER HOW OFTEN I LEFT TO GO TRAVELING OR FEEL TRAPPED HERE. I NEED SECURITY, AND PART OF THAT MEANS HAVING A PLACE WHERE I CAN BE COMPLETELY ALONE WHENEVER I WANT TO BE...I'M SPOILED, BUT I THOUGHT THAT I'D AT LEAST ADMIT IT. I GUESS THE POINT IS THAT I DON'T THINK PEOPLE SHOULD EVER GIVE UP ON THEMSELVES, NO MATTER HOW EASY IT MIGHT BE TO SAY THAT, I THINK I'D FEEL THE SAME WAY IN ANY SITUATION BECAUSE THAT'S JUST THE WAY I AM...VERY STUBBORN, AND I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE TO HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF, OR NOBODY ELSE WILL EITHER. I DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT IN THE CITY- I REALIZED THAT I THINK CITIES LIKE THAT ARE UNNATURAL, IF ANYTHING IS...I GUESS IT'S LOGICAL TO BUILD SKYSCRAPERS IN OUR WORLD, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT IT'S FAIR OR RIGHT- IT JUST BOWLS ME OVER TO THINK THAT SOMEONE WOULD THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO RUIN EVERYTHING LIKE THAT...WHAT A WASTE...CENTRAL PARK IS SO STRANGE, BECAUSE IT'S LIKE A LITTLE ISLAND OF REALITY IN A BIG UGLY CITY- DON'T GET ME WRONG, I LOVED VISITING THERE, BUT OVERALL, I THINK THAT SO MUCH INDUSTRY AND BUSINESS AND SMOG IN ONE PLACE IS A LITTLE BIT SAD...IN CENTRAL PARK, WE SAW JAZZ MUSICIANS, KIDS MAKING OUT, PEOPLE EATING JUNK FOOD, AND TALKING, LIKE CARLOS AND I WERE DOING. MAYBE OTHER PEOPLE WERE MEETING THEIR FRIENDS FROM FAR AWAY? IT'S A POSSIBILITY...WOW- THAT'S A NICE IDEA:) ANOTHER THING I WAS WONDERING IS HOW MANY PEOPLE LOSE THEIR VIRGINITY THERE EVERY YEAR. I'M WEIRD LIKE THAT, OKAY? THOSE LEMONADE FREEZE THINGS THEY SELL THERE ARE GREAT THOUGH...YUM YUM. IT'S JUST AMAZING TO ME THAT EACH



CONTINUED



more about that road trip...yeah!

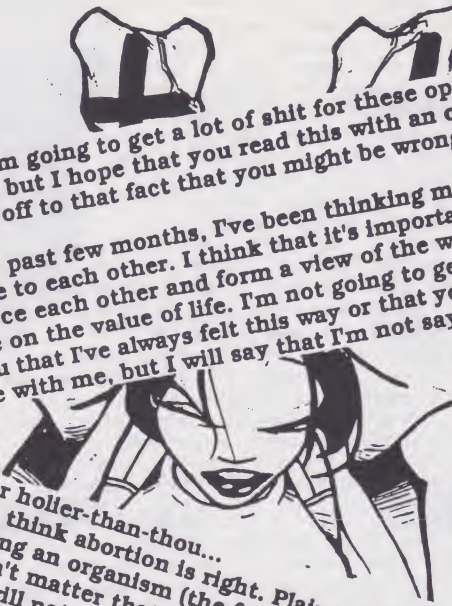
why not was our own laziness...oh well. I think more of the point of the trip was (at least for me) to see sights and meet nice kids, and we did enough of that without having to be dorks and converge on dischord house or something! hee hee. Also, it was cool to actually have extended conversations with people that I don't normally get to see, and that made the whole thing worthwhile. Also, meeting

definitely 2-way when being performed correctly! I've done this on more than one occasion, and I hope that I can act less retarded in the future. Every day is a struggle! :) Traveling can really help you learn things like this about the world and about how your personality is a mirror for the world and why that matters and how you can change both. So travel and make friends and listen. and don't give up. bye!

Writing on a bumpy bus sucks. here's what made my trip cool so far: (this was from the bus on the way back) cool rainbow

fuck meat and potatoes-- not the potato part though!  
join the rice and seaweed revolution now!






I know that I'm going to get a lot of shit for these opinions, and that's fine with me, but I hope that you read this with an open mind and aren't closed off to that fact that you might be wrong and often are. we all are.

Okay, in the past few months, I've been thinking more about how my values relate to each other. I think that it's important to have views that reinforce each other and form a view of the world that places importance on the value of life. I'm not going to get up on a soapbox and tell you that I've always felt this way or that you're fucked up if you don't agree with me, but I will say that I'm not saying any of this to be

cool or holler-than-thou... I don't think abortion is right. Plain and simple. I think that by removing an organism (the fetus) from the womb, you are killing LIFE. It doesn't matter that the fetus isn't an INDIVIDUAL, but it matters that it will naturally become one if the mother permits it to grow. By not letting something alive live in it's natural environment, respect, and I by cutting off its nutrients and support system. This is murder. I used to be pro-choice because I thought that it was up to me what to do with my body and that the state should have nothing to say about what I do. I believe that all women deserve their autonomy, respect, and I believe in equality— not that it exists right now, but that it should. I don't believe that it's my right to take life. It's not my right to eat an animal. It's also not my right to hurt another human life, whatever form it is currently in. I believe that all life needs to be respected if we



are to grow as a society based on communication, compassion and empathy. We have to value all life. I'm not talking now about LAWS, because I think that LAWS as the state enforces them are bullshit. There needs to be education— not just sex education, but a moral education to combat the media onslaught of propaganda telling us that there's nothing wrong with killing yourself.(drug abuse of all kinds) When people are educated and freed from the media cesspool and the generations of apathy, I believe that people can move forward. If you want to be free of that crap now, you can have an inner revolution— that's what I'm trying to do with my life and show other people how I'm doing it so they can do it their own way. I'm not a fascist, and I



# Abortion does not liberate women

won't tell other people that they're wrong and I'm right in an absolute sense...I just wanted to say that people need to take responsibility for their own ignorance and take steps to try to change that. I want to be free of illusions, but I know that I could try my whole life and I might

not be free of the indoctrination that's been my life, and I hate it. That's why I want to attack the problem from the inside out, getting to know myself in the process. I'm not sure if I've made my point clear enough yet, but the point of this is that my personal way of being a feminist (yes, I call myself one!) is working in whatever ways I can to bring about equality and try to work toward doing that with a unique respect for life.

## complaints etc.

I get so annoyed reading kids zines when it seems to me that they don't really know what they want to say, they don't know why they're spending their time the way they are-- at their desk or at kinko's or wherever they happen to put it together or figure out that it'd be so rad if they wrote about their love of snapple or plaster the whole damn thing in band pictures...what I have to say to that is that it makes me sad...I thought that being involved in this community involved more than spitting back the cultural crap that we take in (i.e. socialization as consumers...) I want to know that I have nothing left to say and that I'll stop writing...then I'll know that my zine is done for the time being...I won't waste paper or waste your time with "pointless stapled pages" as someone put it; I value you too

much to insult you that way...you spend time thinking my thoughts along with me and either agreeing or disagreeing, and that's the way I want you to deal with this...not look at it as some form of entertainment. It's education to me. I learn from writing and you learn things about yourself too...for instance, something I write might totally piss you off. I understand that. Still, by writing something that has to do with an issue that I feel strongly about, I challenge myself to explain my life in terms that are comprehensible to you...not that I try to simplify them, but I try to clarify them...and I'm proud that I care enough about learning and communicating to bother to do that.

I want to write things that have more to do with important things in life-- values, experiences, rather than try to make the slickest looking thing in the world...because that crap doesn't matter at all. I want to grow, and sometimes it's hard writing, knowing that all of you will see it...it changes what I want to say, whether I admit that consciously or not. Just thought that I'd acknowledge that. Learning can be painful, but that probably means that it's worthwhile.

Zine culture should mean honesty, not silly melodrama under an "emo" disguise...I like the real thing, and I know when you aren't! It should also be anti-ego...I'm not saying that it shouldn't be individualistic-- it SHOULD be. What I mean, I guess is pomposity and arrogance. That's so hard too, because when you think that you're right, and you have strong convictions, it's hard to be tolerant! It's hard to admit (or even talk to someone sometimes) that the other side isn't completely full of it and try to talk in a civilized way about issues that close to your heart. I'm happy to say that it's easier for me to be open-minded than it has been in a long long time, but I retain my integrity and convictions. So you'll have to work really hard to change ME.

# fuck your zediction.



photo by: shawn scallen.

hoover

me

I want to say something about coming back to school this year...

I know that this page might not be the coolest or most controversial to read, but I want to say that I'm really happy to be back in school. I was thinking about transferring to a smaller school, but I find that being here I meet so many people that are different from me in interesting ways that it makes the stress and loneliness that happens sometimes worth it. I like learning things about other kids' culture. It makes me more than an opinionated fuck at times, and makes me feel powerful. Not that I have power OVER anyone or anything, but that I have power to change myself and make myself better. This is frankly amazing, and nobody should take it for granted. If you take the diversity of the people in one place for granted or never stop to think about how other people live, you become stagnant and lose out on a lot of cool shit! So go make a friend that isn't sxe, "punk", or whatever you classify yourself as. seriously. Also, I think that if people have this attitude more often, there would be so many fewer problems in the world, and our personal struggles would be a lot more fruitful and significant. oh, and fun.

Not that I don't think there are a lot of problems with this school...I know that there are, and I accept them. No environment is perfect, and you can learn from any and all situations that you live through...Still, I wish a few things were different (i.e. people did other things than drink for entertainment), but it's not my place to tell them how to live. They'll have to stop themselves after

realizing how self-destructive they are. It really hurts me personally as a woman when I see hordes of scantily clad women standing outside, waiting to get into a bar. That scene has nothing to offer them—only heartache, possible date rape, and alcoholism. I think that it's especially important to be straight, if not sxe if you're a woman because of all of the abuses (SEXISM!) inherent in the alcohol and tobacco industries, and also by not objectifying others, including men for pleasure and out of sheer laziness. By doing that, you hurt yourself by living counter-productively and hurt those you victimize. What I'm trying to say for the most part is that you have to take responsibility for yourself—bettering yourself every day if you want other people to change. Don't slip into mediocrity because that's all you see around you. Dare to look beyond your societal and self-imposed limitations. And never stop questioning your own version of the truth.



BY THIS TIME THERE, EARTH CRISIS Rocks the House while a rush of energy bursts into the crowd





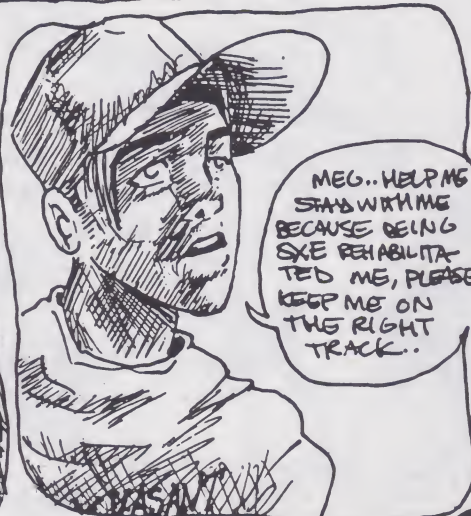
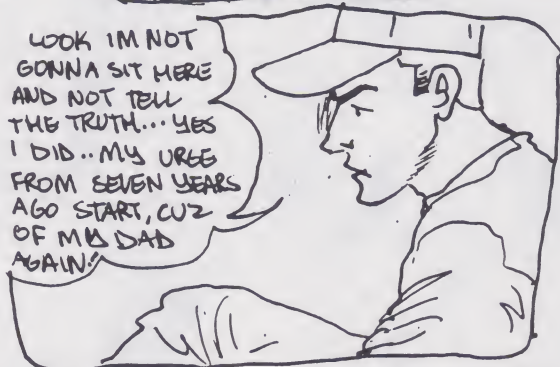


SITTING ON CUSHIONS DOWN STAIRS OF THE CLUB MEG + CHRIS CONVERSE,

LOOK WE GOT TO TALK... YEAH! I'LL JUST COME STRAIGHT OUT WITH IT.. MY FRIENDS SAW YOU AND SOME GUYS DRINKING...



LOOK IM NOT GONNA SIT HERE AND NOT TELL THE TRUTH... YES I DID.. MY URGE FROM SEVEN YEARS AGO START, CUZ OF MIA DAD AGAIN!

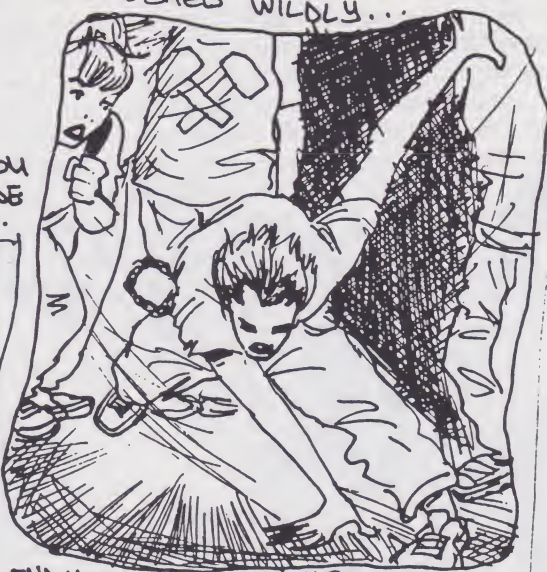




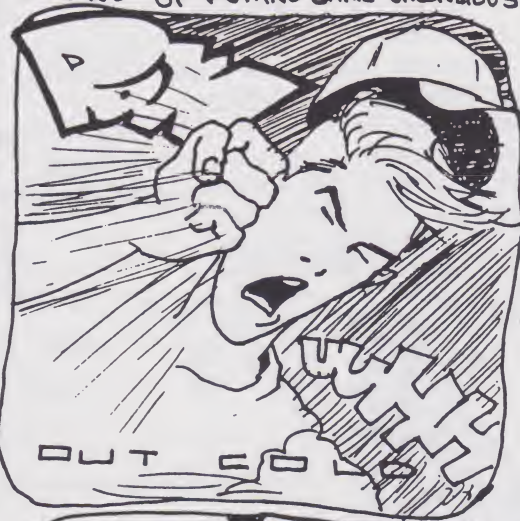
JOSH SHIFTS GETTING DOWN EMO STYLE



A LOYAL SHIFT FAN MOSHED WILDLY...



ENDING UP PUTTING CHRIS UNCONSCIOUS.



TO BE CONTINUED (3)



♡ the next installment of the yet untitled hardcore comics by Carlos Paul in the next issue... ♡



Thai food, and what it means to me...

- Having Thai food with a friend is one of life's greatest pleasures for me...I'm not sure how many of you are into that stuff, but let me tell you-- sometimes a good meal and some hot tea and a few comforting words really set me straight! Personal favorites are: mixed vegetable curry at bangkok cafe or express, sweet and sour vegetables at sy thai, and pad pak at thai house express by my house or that weird stuff I had at Siam Spicy...The heat and warmth and full tummy feeling and flavor of all that spice brings a smile to my lips. I admit that my tastes aren't those of a gourmet, but when the degree

YUM!

of spice is just right and you've been hungry all day, and have ridden your bike way out of the way to go eat that special stuff and the place is closed, you know how you value the spice. You won't settle for mild or any crap like that-- you want to actually go to Thailand one day to taste it in the streets. You shouldn't have been born a ple emo kid. you have soul, damn it! This rant is dedicated to Shelby and Anthony-- you guys understand...Some of the optimum times to appreciate Thai food: when your heart is

breaking, when you're feeling stressed out, when you want to be self-indulgent, when you feel a creative dry spell, when you're lonely, when you have \$4 and can spend it. now go and eat! Do they put magic in that stuff? Just wondering, but maybe the mystery of it makes me love it more...

I know that  
I'm not going  
to win the queen of hot  
spices, (shelby would be  
king) but I'm going to try  
anyway! Winning would  
be so amazing... then  
maybe I'd be cool?



~ conclusion of NYC trip - rant ~

PERSON WE SAW ON THE STREET HAS SO MANY STORIES TO TELL- MAYBE PEOPLE SHOULD JUST START, ONE AT A TIME, ON THE SUBWAYS LETTING GO OF THEIR PERSONAL SECRETS AND VOLUNTEER ONE FACT OR FANTASY THAT THEY KNOW. THAT WOULD BE NEAT...AS FAR AS THE REASON WE CAME THERE-THE ACTUAL WEDDING AND PARTY AND FAMILY TOGETHERNESS, THAT WAS FINE, BUT VERY PREDICTABLE. NOTHING NEW- THE SAME DEGREE OF INTIMACY WAS MAINTAINED, AND NO MORE, NO LESS. GRANDMA WAS VERY HAPPY THAT I TOOK OUT MY NOSE RING- LIKE IT REALLY MATTERS! IT WAS NICE TO GET ALL THOSE HUGS, AND THE PASTA WAS AWESOME. THE PROBLEM WAS THAT THE VISIT WAS ONLY A FEW DAYS LONG, BUT THAT WAS ALSO GOOD, BECAUSE I MISSED HOME AND HAD THINGS TO DO HERE (LIKE THIS?)...I GUESS THAT'S HOW ALL TRIPS ARE- YOU'RE CONSCIOUS THE WHOLE TIME THAT YOU'RE FAR FROM HOME. THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT, AND THE FACT THAT YOU'RE IN A NEW PLACE THAT'S UNFAMILIAR MAKES YOU MORE ALERT, MORE APPRECIATIVE, AND MORE CRITICAL TOO? WELL, I'LL SPEAK FOR MYSELF. I WON'T TRY TO DRAW ANY PARALLELS, BECAUSE I'M ALREADY CONFUSED.

## Homeless in the Subway

Well, the rest of this page is about homelessness. The closest I've ever come to being homeless was when I lived in the Y.W.C.A. downtown with my mom and brother when my parents were getting divorced, but I always had someone to take care of me. Not everyone's lucky enough to have that. Instead of sitting around trying to understand homelessness on a personal level, (though that's also important) we should give some of our time to food banks or another similar group and do something positive...

**B**eing homeless is terrible. Living in the subway is worse. High-voltage power lines, high-speed trains, and lack of basic sanitation make the subway a treacherous and unhealthy refuge. Over the past five years, hundreds of people - many suffering from drug abuse, alcoholism, and mental illness - have died trying to live in it.

So why don't you

### Give Where It Really Helps

Hundreds of New York organizations provide food, clothing, shelter, drug treatment, and other help to needy people. Every day thousands of free meals are served throughout the five boroughs. Some of the most effective groups are neighborhood-based and affiliated with churches, synagogues, settlement houses, and community centers.

So be creative as well as kind: look in the Yellow Pages under Social and Human Services to find the right organization for your time and money.

**M** Metropolitan Transportation Authority





**hon·est** (ŏn'ist) *adj.* 1. Not deceptive : truthful. 2. Not fraudulent : genuine. 3. Of good repute. 4. Frank : sincere. 5. Without affectation. —**hon'est·ly** *adv.*

**hon·es·ty** (ŏn'ĩ-stē) *n.* The quality or state of being honest. ★**syns:** INCORRUPTIBILITY, INCORRUPTIBLENESS, RECTITUDE, UPRIGHTNESS

(hŭn'ē) *n., pl.*

this page is dedicated  
to my friends and ideals  
that we share and trying  
to grow and fuzzy bears  
and such... (☺)



A smile costs nothing, but creates much.  
It happens in a flash, and the memory of  
it lasts forever: It cannot be bought,  
begged, borrowed nor stolen; but it is  
something that is no earthly good to  
anyone until it is given away.

So, don't be in too big of a hurry, or rushed  
If you meet someone who is too weary to  
give you a smile, leave one of yours. For no  
one needs a smile quite as much as the one  
who has none left to give

**Campuswide keg ban  
to begin next month**





thank you...

mom, dad, robert, friends (you know who you are!), liam--for the picture of new zealand, everyone else who contributed, grewyhound bus lines, us mail, everyone else whose zones have inspired me!, and new teachers who rule! xnerdxposx in effect. :) later...the next one will be out later; probably in winter sometime. write me, the address is on the back and I'll be there until may. peace out.

TAKE ALOFT - RICE - GRASS



and  
Bark  
Grass:  
Revolution  
Supper

Some music that i enjoy:

Still life  
Snapcase  
merel 12"  
Sense field  
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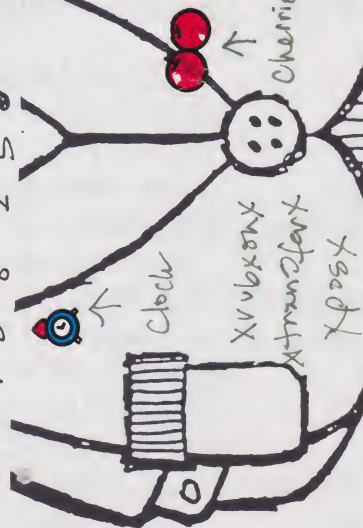


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thanks so much



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